

Price 5 Cents.

Established 1878

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES. VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, JULY 23, 1896.

NEW SERIES, VOL. 3.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
EDITORIAL:	
Notes	347
Culture.....	348
THE LIBERAL CONGRESS:	
International Arbitration Again—	
E. P. P.....	350
Sex in Education—Juniata Stafford.	351
Correspondence—Belle Taylor.....	351
The Planting of the Apple Tree	
(poem).....	352
THE WORD OF THE SPIRIT:	
Unwearied in Well-Doing—(sermon)	
Rev. William Brunton.....	352
THE HOME:	
Helps to High Living.....	354
The Singing Trees in the Orchard	
(poem).....	354
The Chipmunk	354
The Trap-Door Spider.....	354
Lu's Banana.....	354
BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
John Fiske.....	355
"The Color of Life".....	355
"A Book of the Times".....	355
"That Eurasian"	356
Notes and Comment.....	356
THE LIBERAL FIELD:	
The City Street (poem).....	357
Fellowship.....	357
Universalism	357
Roman Catholic.....	357
Chicago	357
Troy, N. Y.....	357
Manly, Ia.....	357
Tower Hill Summer School of Lit-	
erature	358
Acknowledgments.....	358
Mrs. Peattie.....	358



JOHN FISKE.

See page 355.

Way & Williams + Publishers + The Monadnock
Chicago

WAY & WILLIAMS ANNOUNCE THE FOLLOWING NEW BOOKS:

A MOUNTAIN WOMAN. BY ELIA W. PEATTIE. With cover design by Mr. Bruce Rogers. 16mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

The author of "A Mountain Woman" is an editorial writer on the *Omaha World-Herald*, and is widely known in the Middle West as a writer of a number of tales of Western life that are characterized by much finish and charm.

THE LAMP OF GOLD. BY FLORENCE L. SNOW.

Printed at the DeVinne Press, on French hand-made paper. With title-page and cover designs by Mr. Edmund H. Garrett. 16mo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

PURCELL ODE AND OTHER POEMS.

BY ROBERT BRIDGES. 16mo, daintily bound. \$1.25 net.

Two hundred copies printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper for sale in America.

ECCE PUELLA. BY WILLIAM SHARP.

Octavo, cloth \$1.25.

"To the woman of thirty."

In this book Mr. Sharp seeks to make his prose the "medium of expression for color, emotion, fancy, that has generally taken form in poetry"—whether successful or not depends on the individual point of view.

THE WERE-WOLF. BY CLEMENCE

HOUSMAN. With title-page, cover design and illustrations by Laurence Housman. Square 16mo, \$1.25.

Miss Housman has caught the spirit of mystery which broods in the long winter night over the Scandinavian

snows. Mr. Housman's clever designs show the same grasp of Scandinavian feeling.

THE WOOD OF THE BRAMBLES.

By FRANK MATHEW. 8vo, cloth, \$1.50.

This new Irish novel is a story of the uprising in 1798, a most tragic period of Irish history, with all its exciting incidents of rapine and outrage and deeds of daring and self-sacrifice depicted in lurid colors.

THE BATTLE OF DORKING. The

German Conquest of England. Reminiscences of a volunteer, describing the arrival of the German Armada, the destruction of the British fleet, the decisive battle of Dorking, the capture of London, the downfall of the British Empire. Octavo, paper, 25 cents; cloth 50 cents.

HAND AND SOUL. BY DANTE GA-

BRIEL ROSETTI. Reprinted from *The Germ* by MR. WILLIAM MORRIS, at the Kelmscott Press, in the "Golden" Type, with a specially designed title-page and border, and in special binding. 16mo. 525 paper copies printed, and 21 on vellum. 300 paper copies for America, of which a few remain, for sale at \$3.50.

[Vellum copies all sold.]

AN ODD SITUATION. BY STANLEY

WATERLOO. With introduction by Sir Walter Besant. Octavo, cloth, gilt top, \$1.25.

FROM CAIRO TO THE SOUDAN

FRONTIER. BY H. D. TRAILL. Cloth \$1.50.

THE SONNET IN ENGLAND. BY

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE. Cloth, gilt top, \$1.50.

THE COLOR OF LIFE. BY ALICE

MEYNELL. \$1.25.

For sale by booksellers generally, or will be sent postpaid, on receipt of the price, by the publishers.

WAY & WILLIAMS, Publishers, Chicago.

The Faith That Makes Faithful.

By W. C. GANNETT and JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Flexible Morocco; full gilt; presentation copies,
with or without Marriage Certificate; in box, \$2.00

White and Gilt; in box 1.50

Silk Cloth 1.00

Special clearing sale of present edition of paper copies. In order to make way for a new 50 cent paper edition, orders will be filled for the copies on hand at 20 cents each, or ten copies for \$1.50. All orders to be sent to

Unity Publishing Company,

1651 Monadnock Building, CHICAGO.

Tower Hill Summer Encampment.

Forty miles west of Madison, three miles from Spring Green, a station on the Prairie du Chien division of the C., M. & St. P. Ry., is situated this summer camp on the banks of the Wisconsin River, with bluff, river and prairie scenery.

THE SIXTH SEASON WILL OPEN JULY FIRST AND CLOSE SEPTEMBER FIFTEENTH.

The improvements consist of six private cottages, three Long-houses containing eleven sections, each section furnished with double bed and the necessary equipment, wire screens, etc.; a pavilion with piano for meetings, dancing, etc.; stables for horses; waterworks, supplying the purest of water to different parts of the Hill, drawn from the St. Peter's sandstone; a common dining hall, ice house, etc. In the early part of August the

SEVENTH SUMMER SCHOOL AND INSTITUTE will be held. Clergymen, teachers, students and those interested in progressive studies of educational, spiritual and ethical problems invited. This year Jenkin Lloyd Jones will conduct a "School of English Literature," beginning August 9. Send for special circular.

TERMS.

Board at dining hall, \$3.50 per week; rent for section of Long-house, available for two, \$3 per week; ice and water tax for cottages for the season, \$10. Board and care of horse \$3 per week, \$10 per month. Shares in the Tower Hill Pleasure Company, entitling the holder to a building site, \$25; tenting privileges, with or without tents, can be specially arranged for. Transportation between station and the grounds, 25 cents; trunks 25 cents.

SPRING GREEN is on the resort list of the C., M. & St. P. R. R.; round trip tickets sold after the fifteenth of May from Chicago and return for \$8.

For further particulars apply to either of the following officers

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, *president*, Spring Green, Wis. Mrs. R. H. KELLY, 9 Aldine Square, Chicago.

Concerning board and section in Long-house apply to Mrs. M. H. Lackersteen, Tower Hill, Spring Green, Wis.

To Rent.—For the season at Tower Hill, a cottage comfortably furnished; screens, water at door, etc. Apply to Mrs. R. H. Kelly, as above.

THE BIBLE.

Its origin, growth and character and its place among the sacred books of the world, together with a list of books for study and reference, with critical comments. By JABEZ THOMAS SUNDERLAND. Price.....\$1.50.

ONE UPWARD LOOK EACH DAY.

Poems of Faith and Hope. Selected by J. T. SUNDERLAND.

A Boston Minister writes:—"Your 'Upward Look' book is beautiful. We are buying it by the dozen, and giving it where it will do good."

Price, morocco, 75 cents each; Cloth, 50 cents each; Heavy embossed paper, 30 cents each.

E. P. POWELL'S BOOKS.

Our Heredity from God. Consisting of Lectures on Evolution. By E. P. POWELL.

"This book [now in its fourth edition] is dedicated to all those who, like the author, have lost faith in authoritative Revelation, in hopes that they, like himself, may find satisfaction in that revelation of Eternal Life and Truth which is steadily unfolded to us by Science." Cloth, \$1.75

Liberty and Life. Discourses by E. P. POWELL. Paper cover, 208 pp.; post paid.....25c.

Price Reduced from 50c.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

THE NEW UNITY,

THE MONADNOCK,

CHICAGO.

THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME III.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1896.

NUMBER 21.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion; to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

We may be sure that the creature whose intelligence measures the pulsations of molecules and unravels the secret of the whirling nebula is no creature of a day, but the child of the universe, the heir of all the ages, in whose making and perfecting is to be found the consummation of God's creative work.

—JOHN FISKE.

A correspondent from Canada asks for information concerning "When, where and by what body of men the question was discussed as to whether women possessed souls?" We, like our correspondent, are away from authorities. Perhaps some of our readers, who are up on this subject, will send us a contribution that will throw light on the questions asked. Most oriental religions had a subordinate place for women, and made her salvation in the next world more or less dependent upon her relation to man and his good offices. The reversion to this doctrine is found in modern Mormonism, which justifies its polygamy on the score that the husband helps his numerous wives to enter heaven.

The Seventh Annual Summer School at Tower Hill will be conducted by Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and will be given specially to the discovery of the life-helping and character-forming message of modern poets, special study being made of the writings of Emerson, George Eliot, Browning, Lowell, Ibsen and Walt Whitman. Mr. Jones, lecturing on these in the pavilion in the evening, to be followed by readings, conversations and quizzes the following morning. In the afternoons there will be a series of talks on the universalities of religion and inquiry as to how far morals and religion can be taught in our public schools without violating the religious rights of any of the taxpayers.

The Institute will begin with a sermon in the pavilion August 9, on "Daily Strength for Daily Needs," and close with the annual grove meeting, at which there will be several speakers.

Registration fee, \$1.00; board at dining hall, \$3.50 per week; room in "Long-House" for two, \$3.00 per week; accommodations in tents, \$1.00 per week.

Send for program to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, President Tower Hill Company, Spring Green, Wis. All applications for tents and other accommodations should be made to Van E. Evans, Chairman Local Committee, Spring Green, Wis.

At last the great political struggle is fairly on. The two great parties have their candidates in the field. Both are to be congratulated in having selected men of clean lives, of unquestioned, popular power. They are speech-making candidates, and in a conspicuous sense when elected either one may well be called the spokes-man of the nation. But it is also a source of anxiety, if not of regret, that they are both of them young men. So far as great responsibilities and executive ability are concerned; they are untried men. Both of them have climbed to this preëminence on the wings of oratory, a dangerous though effective road, into popular admiration.

It is also fair to say that judged by the highest standards, so far as we can at present estimate, they are second-rank men. Both parties had greater presidential timber within their limits, but that is not exceptional to this campaign. Seldom, except by accident, have either party offered to the suffrage of the people their greatest man, as previously intimated. The issue of this year is a fortunate one, because it is a live issue, one about which able men, honest men and philanthropic, differ. There is something chivalric in the tone and spirit of the young Nebraskan who calls the nation to rally around the standard of "Free Silver" as the hope of the down-trodden, the relief of the mortgage-thralled multitude of our agricultural districts. More reluctantly does the Republican standard bearer accept the monometallism banner. He will attempt, doubtless, to keep his favorite cause of protection and tariff revenue to the front, but the people will take little interest in this latter discussion this fall; it is inevitably a side issue. Altogether the issue is too grave, high and profound to justify personalities, campaign clap-trap, and the whang-doodle of processions. Let us have as little of this as possible. Both parties have high opportunity of entering upon a campaign of education. Never since the war have there been so many voters who are willing to be educated. Never, perhaps, since the government was organized have there been so many voters who in their heart of hearts do not know how to vote. Indeed, to find one who is sun-clear on the finance question at the present time is to find one who has either given the subject profound thought based upon a large amount of information gained from books, or else to find one whose judgment is unreliable, because formed upon inadequate data, and with partisan bias. Thousands will find

their hearts tug toward the humanitarian enthusiasms of the silver men, while their heads reluctantly hold back with the colder integrities and the wider vision of international honor pled by the gold men. Let head and heart be reconciled in the higher intelligence that is to come out of this discussion.

—♦♦♦—

In the unexpected death by pneumonia of W. H. Colvin, the city of Chicago has suffered an immeasurable loss. Mr. Colvin was a modest man of wealth, one of the very few who seemed to rise to the higher appreciation of the responsibilities which wealth brings. He used the leisure which a successful business career brought to him early in life for the advancement of the public good. He made the interest of the community his own. He did not undertake, like so many wealthy men, to buy his immunity from personal labor and personal attention by giving money, but he went himself where his money went. It has long been an open secret among the real friends of the Hull House that next to Jane Addams the later triumphs and many of the wider and quieter beneficences of Hull House are the result of the executive wisdom, personal direction and generosity of this quiet and fain-would-be obscure citizen, who lived miles away on the South Side. Our readers know something of the work of the Municipal Voters' League in the city of Chicago last spring. Other men did the talking, many did well, but without the silent Colvin, chairman of the executive committee, to furnish the sinews of war, and that large amount of the dogged independence that was unswerved by friend as well as by foe, by capitalist or by labor, the result might have been different. His independence and the high influence which such independence may sway is somewhat indicated when the present writer confesses that for years it has been his habit, on the morning of every municipal election day, when personality is everything and party is nothing, it has been his custom to hie him to the house of Mr. Colvin, to profit by his superior knowledge as to the more worthy candidates, and he always found there neighbors, coming or waiting for a similar lesson in this school of independent politics. In the death of Mr. Colvin All Souls Church of Chicago, *THE NEW UNITY* and its editor have lost a sympathetic friend and a frequent helper. Our sympathies go out, not only to the bereft city that needed him so much, the many friends who loved him, but also to the dear daughters, far away in Europe, who were at the very time he was smitten low impatiently counting the days when he should join them in loving, intelligent travel. Mr. Colvin died while still comparatively a young man; may he have lived long enough to inspire many others to take his place.

—♦♦♦—

The senior editor sends his greetings to the readers of *THE NEW UNITY* from the quiet shades of Tower Hill. At this arm's length of two hundred miles from the printer's devil the editorial work must be done for the next few weeks. This niche on the hill he reached by a two hundred mile ride on his good horse Roos, through the abundant country. It is a problem which he has tried many times to solve, how

to get out of Chicago without great discomfort on any other road than a railroad. All the pretentious avenues, boulevards and park systems have heretofore hopelessly broken down at their extremities. They have tapered off into bumpy pavements, pitchy roads, ragged and wretched alleys and dragged outskirts; a finale more ignominious than Emerson's famous western road that narrows into a cowpath and ends in a squirrel track, that runs up a tree. But this year the only proud way out of Chicago was found. It is by traveling northward via Michigan avenue and Lake Shore drive, through Lincoln park, past the great statues of Lincoln, Grant and Franklin, stopping to look in on the 400 pale babies who are taking a new grip on life by the encouragement of the fresh air, fresh milk and good nursing they are receiving at the Daily News pier, all free of charge. It was not much of a day for babies, that day, either. Sometimes the attendance reaches 600 in a day. From this we passed on through Edgewater, the delightful suburb of cozy homes, where ornamentation is curbed by economy into comfort and coziness. This is the suburb which does so much credit to the domesticity of Architect Silsbee's art. From this over the finished end of the Sheridan drive we reached Evanston, and we are fairly in the country without a rod of bad smell or of bad roads. Further on our route lay this time past Geneva lake, on the shores of which we used to campaign in the interests of "Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion" twenty years ago. We liked it then in its wildness better than now in its elegance. Its winsome shores have been taken possession of by the millionaires of Chicago. In shutting the people out they have not shut all the glory in, and without a pang of jealousy or thought of envy we hastened on to Westhope, the cottage that o'erlooks the river at Tower Hill. To ride through the country on the fourth day of July is a delightful revelation. It is refreshing to discover that even on this day of gunpowder and of oratory there are thousands of miles of quiet in this old world of ours for every mile of noise. Out of this quiet we send our greeting; in this quiet we try to keep weaving, without being busy, the threads of *THE NEW UNITY* and the program for the third annual meeting of the Liberal Congress, which, let all bear in mind, is to be held in Indianapolis, October 6, 7, and 8.

—♦♦♦— Culture.

The abuse of this word is often noticed. It has so often been the badge of self-consciousness and pretension that it has been caricatured by false spelling and affected accent, and still it is one of the profound words and represents the totality not only of human effort but of human hope. In these days we should try to pronounce the word thoughtfully and to think of the thing respectfully underneath all special training and peculiar pretensions. The graduates of every school go forth into the world chiefly as representatives of culture in the best and richest sense of that word. They go in a measure prepared to redeem the world from the artificiality, conventionality and superficiality which too often takes refuge behind

the word culture. They go to represent the poise and balance which society so much needs. They go with that openness and frankness of heart and mind without which life becomes strained and feverish. They go to stand for the large fundamental common-sense of humanity, which, by the way, is one of the most uncommon things going. Common-sense is that residuum of intelligence that is left after the idiosyncrasies of nationalities, communities and individualities are eliminated. Take away what is peculiar, what is left is common-sense. This calls for a great subtraction, much consolidation. It implies a great elimination of unnecessary luggage that is carried around in this world, before we reach that residuum of common-sense that holds one in good stead wherever he may be. It is good currency in any land. Indeed, it is perhaps the only international currency we now have, and the prosperity we hope for and are looking for will come only by increasing this international currency by adding to the stock of coin that will be taken for its face value in any part of the world and in any age of the world. Those who go out of the schools, all of them will be somewhat better prepared to carry that poise, balance and courage that will be the bulwark against the assaults of the exaggerated studies, the distorted enthusiasms, the one-sided convictions which so threaten the progress of real culture. Our schools must correct the exaggerations of social fads and intellectual short-cut roads to the kingdom come. The graduates of our schools have been taught more or less impressively that the methods of the Almighty are very deliberate, that the road of progress is one upon which souls must travel slowly, and in order to get along they must overcome many obstacles. Perhaps the highest service of the school is to reveal the ignorance of the student to himself, to persuade him that neither he nor his neighbor have solved the universe. He has learned that the Almighty reveals His secrets one by one, and those who discover them for the most part do not realize the discovery. "Beware of the man who says, 'I am about to make a revelation,'" said Emerson. That is not the revealing man or woman who carries an overweening confidence and an over-laying consciousness.

Culture makes the man or woman welcome, intelligible and potent wherever they may go. The cultivated can adjust themselves at the country cross-road or on the city boulevard. Those who fail in this have not yet succeeded in getting themselves in hand. There is no way of accomplishing this except the age long highway of finding communion and inspiration in the company of the world-man and the world-woman, except by increasing one's familiarity with the treasures of literature, art and science; except by growing up through the limitations of neighborhood and of nation and of age and becoming familiars in the great family of man.

Culture enables one to walk on the flat of his foot, not jolting along on one's heels with the certitude of a dogmatist, nor yet mincing along on tiptoes with the consciousness and conceit that leads one always to try to pass for more than he is worth. The unconscious ministrations of the cultivated always far exceed their conscious usefulness. Such may say much

that ultimately proves to be nonsense, but if they say it with a singleness of mind and directness of aim, they will help, though the words may miss the mark. It is the shadows men and women cast through life that fall with greatest help or hurt upon their fellow-beings. The truly cultivated will be stupid once in a while; God made him so. He has a right to be. He will be respectful to the normal average of his life and will seek to increase that average by indirect study rather than by direct strains. There is a great work to do in cultivating, i. e., in reforming communities by direct effort and special means. There is a place for classes in this and that other thing, but the greatest work is to be accomplished by simply living up to one's normal best, preserving the serenity and balance of a disciplined will. There is danger of overdrawing one's bank account in order to make a public show, invest all the spare money in the elaborate reception in the parlor, then retire into the kitchen for a month in order to catch up. It is the task of culture to live daily with the masters, to be in communion with great poets, to take such as Emerson and Browning into one's daily life. Our pedagogues may be overworking the problem of methods. Andrea Delsarto was called the faultless painter because he could draw outlines which perhaps excelled the greatest of masters, but because there was an element of self-consciousness in him, or something of the kind, he fell far below those whose lives ran into their lines of beauty.

The schools have just sent out a great army of boys and girls into whose lives there will come shadow as well as sunshine. That is what they are here for. Let them not flinch. Let them not fear, but trust the great world, which, though it be so great that they cannot make it out, has a place for them at their minimum, and who dares say what their maximum may be? Let them not be lured off from the main road by by-paths. Let their lives run into the high unconsciousness, the splendid self-forgetfulness that is the characteristic of the masters.

I fled in tears from the men's ungodly quarrel about God. I fled in tears to the woods, and laid me down on the earth. Then somewhat like the beating of many hearts came up to me out of the ground; and I looked and my cheek lay close to a violet. Then my heart took courage, and I said: "I know that thou art the word of my God, dear violet; And oh, the ladder is not long that to my heaven leads. Measure what space a violet stands above the ground: 'Tis no further climbing that my soul and angels have to do than that."

—Sidney Lanier.

The Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Berlin, contributes to the *London Christian World* an estimate of Martin Luther which makes a startling list of the things he was not. He was no universal genius, no Plato, no Leibnitz. He did not grasp all the conditions of his time; nay, he did not even know them all. His education was mediocre. He was no sharp and refined thinker, he was no humanist, he was no critic. He was no saint, no Francis, who through the glow of feeling, through the sweetness of his spirit or the power of his sacrifice, swept everyone along with him. He was also no agitator, no orator, who, like Savonarola, could move and inflame the masses. He was only in one thing great and mighty. He was great only in the rediscovered knowledge of God in the Gospels.—*The Christian Leader*.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

International Arbitration Again.

Some of the metropolitan papers have spoken of "compulsory arbitration" as an impossibility, as if anyone proposed such an absurd attempt. You cannot enforce peace but by war. Compulsory arbitration is a contradiction in terms. You cannot force even a few laborers to arbitrate with an employer. If they do not agree to the decision of the arbitrators they will leave the employer; or if he considers the decision unjust he will close his mill. What International Arbitration means is this,—a permanent court to which may be referred all questions of dispute, with the agreement to abide by the decision. Such a court would serve exactly the purpose served by our Supreme Court. It would at least prevent hasty resort to arms. What in nine cases out of ten will prevent war is sufficient delay to enable the people to think over the matter, and regain judicial temper to judge of the opposite side of the question. In the Venezuela case nine-tenths of the papers shouted for war. Congress bristled and did the jingo act. Fortunately there were enough scholars in the country to convince the people that Mr. Cleveland had quite mistaken the nature of the Monroe doctrine. War between English-speaking nations is becoming less and less probable. It is time to render it practically impossible.

In the *New England Magazine* Edwin D. Mead says editorially: "Whatever James Monroe said or did not say, we are a member of the great family of nations and of the family of American nations in particular. It was a part of the Monroe doctrine that, as we would permit no European intervention in American affairs, so we would not intervene in the affairs of Europe. May it be long before we are called upon for any such intervention! But we should understand, our politicians as well as the rest of us, that the old hard and fast distinction between the eastern and western hemispheres, which existed to the mind of John Quincy Adams and James Monroe, has forever passed away. It is an antiquated distinction. An exigency may arise to-morrow, in Turkey, in Russia, in China, in Western Europe, which may command us, for our own sake, or by our common obligation to humanity, to make our influence felt. The steamship, the cable, travel, trade, everything which makes the modern world, bring Europe every day into closer relations with us than South America is. The ocean, so far from being a barrier between the continents, is now a bridge."

To Mr. Mead we also owe a capital addition to the literature of the question in an exposition of Kant's tractate on *Eternal Peace*. "If happy circumstances bring it about," wrote Kant, "that a powerful and enlightened people form themselves into a republic—which by its very nature must be disposed in favor of perpetual peace—this will furnish a center of federative union for other states to attach themselves to, and thus to secure the conditions of liberty among all states, according to the idea of the right of nations; and such a union would extend wider and wider, in the course of time, by the addition of further connections of this kind."

"The following are the principal of the nine propositions which Kant lays down, and to the unfolding and defense of which his essay is devoted: 'All the capacities implanted in a creature by nature are destined to unfold themselves, completely and conformably to their end, in the course of time.' 'In man, as the only rational creature on earth, those natural capacities which are directed towards the use of his reason could be completely developed only in the species and not in the individual.' 'The means which nature employs to bring about the development of all the capacities implanted in men is their mutual antagonism in society, but only so far as this antagonism becomes at length the cause of an order among them that is regulated

by law.' 'The greatest practical problem for the human race, to the solution of which it is compelled by nature, is the establishment of a civil society universally administering right according to law.' 'The problem of the establishment of a perfect civil constitution is dependent on the problem of the regulation of the eternal relations between the states conformably to law; and without the solution of this latter problem it cannot be solved.' 'The history of the human race, viewed as a whole, may be regarded as the realization of a hidden plan of nature to bring about a political constitution internally and, for this purpose, also externally perfect, as the only state in which all the capacities implanted by her in mankind can be fully developed.' This is a remarkable body of doctrine. The essay throughout is instinct with the principle of progress as the cardinal principle for the interpretation of history, a subject to which Kant a few years afterwards devoted a special essay. 'The idea of human history,' he says, 'viewed as founded upon the assumption of a universal plan in nature gives us a new ground of hope, opening up to us a consoling view of the future, in which the human race appears in the far distance as having worked itself up to a condition in which all the germs implanted in it by nature will be fully developed and its destiny here on earth fulfilled. Such a justification of nature—or rather, let us say, of Providence—is no insignificant motive for choosing a particular point of view in contemplating the course of the world. For what avails it to magnify the glory and wisdom of the creation in the irrational domain of nature and to recommend it to devout contemplation, if that part of the great display of the supreme wisdom which presents the end of it all in the history of the human race is to be viewed as only furnishing perpetual objections to that glory and wisdom! The spectacle of history if thus viewed would compel us to turn away our eyes from it against our will; and the despair of ever finding rational purpose in its movement would reduce us to hope for it, if at all, only in another world.'

"To all skepticism about this program and the allegation that it has always been laughed at by statesmen and still more by sovereigns as an idea fit only for the schools from which it takes its rise, Kant answers roundly: 'I trust to a theory which is based upon the principle of right as determining what the relation between men and states ought to be, and which lays down to these earthly gods the maxim that they ought so to proceed in their disputes that such a universal International State may be introduced, and to assume it therefore as not only possible in practice, but such as may yet be presented in reality.'"

International arbitration is in reality based upon the idea that nations may exist on a peace footing rather than a war footing. The nineteenth century came in with a roar of battle involving all the powerful nations of Europe, and notwithstanding the immense strides toward a higher civilization where the religion of Christ reigns more universally and acceptably than ever before, a hundred years find these same nations in the grasp of a militarism so stifling and so appalling as to threaten the peace not only of Europe, but of the civilized world. Professor Michie says: "The extend of the burden may be divided under five heads: First, the strength of the peace establishment of the army; second, that of the navy; third, the yearly contingent to maintain the army at its peace strength; fourth, the annual expenditures for the support of the army and navy; fifth, the percentage of the population belonging to both services in time of peace. The army strength in time of peace of all Europe is about three and a half millions; that of the navy about two hundred and seventy-five thousand. The yearly contingent to maintain the army something over one million, and the expense very nearly one billion. During a time of peace we thus find a condition of things that makes it necessary to force over a million of the physically best young men to give up two or three of the best years of their lives to engage in an active military preparation for war, to sacrifice all prospect of advancement in their trades, business, profes-

sion or occupation. Their recompense is a mere pittance and a belief that their sacrifice is necessary for the safety of the fatherland." Has the history of the United States so far demonstrated that this war footing in time of peace is unnecessary, or have we yet to learn that we must reorganize ourselves upon the same footing as European nations? General Miles, now at the head of the United States army, has put himself on record as disbelieving in the necessity of either a large army or a large navy. He would increase the present limits of the army from twenty-five thousand, but only in a slight degree.

The committee of five appointed by the Washington Conference has since met with President Cleveland and laid before him the memorial drawn up by that body. Mr. Cleveland expressed himself as strongly committed to arbitration as an international principle, while he was highly pleased with the resolutions presented to him by the committee. Will the matter rest at the present point, or will it be pressed steadily forward to the end hoped for and planned by the Conference? We must wait and see.

E. P. P.

Sex in Education.

FROM THE TEACHER'S STANDPOINT.

When one is "in the midst of things" the perspective must necessarily be somewhat lost. One does not view from afar off, and theorize. On the other hand, what is lost in perspective may be balanced by what is gained in practical knowledge. Therefore, it may be of value to hear what I have gleaned from three teachers and an advanced university student. The first is a woman, devoted to her work, giving her best to it and getting from it great enjoyment and growth. She has taught all ages of children, from the primary, through grammar and high school grades, to a class in training for teaching. It is her opinion that there is no reason, physical or mental, why the sexes should not have the same education, provided they are normal boys and girls. She finds that it is sometimes well to approach them differently in questioning, as the boys are apt to be more practical than girls, probably because of outdoor life and sports; but on the whole she treated them alike and thought she got the same response from both. As I have come in contact with both boys and girls who have been under her care, I find the impression she has made is the same with all, and has marked almost a turning point in their lives, so wholesome was it, and such an incentive to best effort. They instinctively strove toward the high standard she set, and responded to her *expectation* and trust that they would. "Those who trust us, educate us," George Eliot says. The second teacher was a scholarly man, who first taught for several years in a boys' school, and then in a high school for both sexes. I expected to find his service with boys alone would lead him to think girls quite different; but he says that he does not approach them differently and rather thinks he gains by not doing so. Boys, he thinks, are more observant than girls, especially of nature's ways, and of manufactured things. This is due to the limitations thrown about girls and not to a mental difference. One thing, he said, interested me greatly, as it was about behavior. He finds that bad behavior is largely due to a lack of comprehension of *what is wanted*. If a boy or girl really understands what is wanted and why, response will be given. Discipline would be easier if comprehension could be secured. As he has less difficulty with discipline than any teacher I ever knew, and as pupils with whom I have come in contact have a deep respect and liking for him, I think there must be much truth in what he says.

The third friend with whom I talked is an advanced student in the Chicago University, has had a year in Cornell after graduating with high honors from a college of high standard. She is one of the most normal young women, in all ways, that it has been my good fortune to meet. The point of difference between the sexes she made was in their method and time of studying. It seems to take

a girl a long time to realize that, as each teacher so strongly feels that his subject is the most important one, he is very apt to give a lesson too difficult or lengthy in proportion to the other work a pupil must do; so the conscientious girl feels she must work on until she has fully learned all of her lessons. The boy, on the other hand, almost naturally "portions off" his time, puts a *fair* amount of work on each lesson, gets it as well as he can in that time, and does not worry, thus gaining the advantage of a concentration free from anxiety, and the restfulness that comes from a sense of fair work. Of course this a general conclusion, there being exceptions in both boys and girls.

The fourth opinion I shall give is that of a lady who has to do with college girls; and she thinks, that in their eager devotion to the higher education, they neglect the social and esthetic side of life to an undue degree. They are too indifferent to beauty and fitness in dress—many of them not caring at all—and they fail to cultivate social grace and pleasing ways. Boys, on the other hand, are social as well as studious, and dress as well and fittingly as they can. She advised that those who came in contact with girls pursuing the higher education should influence them to properly value the graceful, social, esthetic side of life as a help toward the use of the intellectual. It was interesting to have so well-informed a woman as Mrs. Elizabeth Custer emphasize this point; and most of us have seen the need of it.

To sum all up, it would seem that if girls could or would add to their book work the outside freedom and observation of boys, they would be, in the judgment of the practical teacher, very much alike in their work as students.

JUNIATA STAFFORD.

Correspondence.

Dear NEW UNITY:

I am rather at a loss to know exactly what kind of an article will be most acceptable for the columns of your paper in reply to the call for something from Unitarians, but to begin with I will say that the idea of Unitarianism as conveyed in the editorial entitled "To Our Unitarian Readers," and especially the following words in the second paragraph: "We have believed and continue to believe that the Unitarian movement entire has been a John the Baptist movement, a voice crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way for the coming of the larger thing;" met with a strangely sympathetic and hearty response; for, while regarding the movement of Unitarianism as a grand and most helpful stride in advance of orthodoxy, I look upon it as an excellent stepping stone to something still higher.

The principles of Unitarianism, if practically followed would lead mankind upon a plain from whence they might with a clear vision behold the next step. What we Unitarians need to do more than anything else is to practice what we preach, to be doers of the word, not hearers only. It is not so important for Catholics, Presbyterians, etc., to follow their doctrines, but we should. We claim to be liberal, then let us be liberal in the true, broad sense of the word. There are many other good and ennobling things to practice in our daily lives, but this, it seems to me, is the main one, or at any rate the first one. No one has a right to question another's motive, except in the hope of benefiting himself or someone else. Each individual must be free, otherwise he cannot act his real self, and as long as he does not act his real self he cannot perform the work that he and no one else was intended to do. Not that everyone is right; of course not, but we cannot hope, with our limited knowledge, to set everyone right, but let us be liberal, as we profess to be, and while striking with all our might at the superstitions and dogmas that exist to the damaging and dwarfing the growth of man, remember that the man, the real man, who is imbedded in this quagmire of ignorance, is our brother and entitled to the same rights that we are. We can do our best (as someone else very likely did for us) to clear the rubbish from around

him and so make it easier for him to get out, but the man must be free to do as he chooses.

As long as the upholders of other denominations maintain a spirit of arrogance and opposition to us we can only proceed unmoved upon our way, and show by example that we mean what we say. If, on the other hand, they are friendly toward us, we should meet them in the same spirit, and strive by a word now and then judiciously to drop a seed from our doctrine which may bear good fruit. It is easy to see people's environments, but we cannot always look into their hearts. It might be profitable to some of us to search more in that direction and see what we can find. The way to do this is to interest ourselves in other people no matter what church they belong to, sympathize with them, and help them if they need help, if it is only by a few words kindly spoken or a lifting of the burden they have to bear, only a very little lift, it may be, but enough to show that our membership to any church does not exclude us from membership to the human family. "Love to God and love to neighbor," these are the words that will bring us light, and keep our feet firm on this round of the ladder until we are ready to take the next step.

Austin, Texas.

BELLE TAYLOR.

Among all the creeds of Christendom the only one which has the authority of Christ Himself is the Sermon on the Mount. When one reads the creed which was given by Jesus, and the creeds which have been made by Christians, he cannot fail to detect an immense difference, and it does not matter whether he selects the Nicene Creed or the Westminster Confession. They all have a family likeness to each other, and a family unlikeness to the Sermon on the Mount.

The Planting of the Apple Tree.

"Come, let us plant the apple tree,
Cleave the tough greensward with the space;
Wide let its hollow bed be made;
There gently lay the roots, and there
Sift the dark mould with kindly care,
And press it o'er them tenderly.
As, round the sleeping infant's feet,
We softly fold the cradle sheet;
So plant we the apple tree.

"What plant we in this apple tree?
Buds, which the breath of summer days
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;
Boughs where the thrush, with crimson breast,
Shall hunt and sing and hide her nest;
We plant, upon the sunny lea,
A shadow for the noontide hour,
A shelter from the summer shower,
When we plant the apple tree.

"What plant we in this apple tree?
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,
And redden in the August noon,
And drop, when gentle airs come by,
That fan the blue September sky,
While children come, with cries of glee,
And seek them where the fragrant grass
Betrays their bed to those who pass
At the foot of the apple tree.

"Each year shall give this apple tree
A broader flush of roseate bloom,
A deeper maze of verdurous gloom,
And loosen, when the frost clouds lower,
The crisp brown leaves in thicker shower.
The years shall come and pass, but we
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,
In the boughs of the apple tree.

"And time shall waste this apple tree.
Oh, when its aged branches throw
Thin shadows on the ground below,
Shall fraud and force and iron will
Oppress the weak and helpless still?
What shall the tasks of mercy be,
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears
Of those who live when length of years
Is wasting this little apple tree?"

—W. Cullen Bryant.

The Word of the Spirit.

*"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice
with strength: be not afraid!"*

Unwearied in Well-Doing.

BY REV. WILLIAM BRUNTON.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing, for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not!"—Galatians vi. 9.

The text written out in full, says—we are like husbandmen tilling the soil, we must plow and sow, prepare the ground and plant the grain, do it in faith in the overarching heavens and the sunny influences that are to come, do it as the millions of men before us have done, and then like them, await the result with patience, knowing that days and weeks and months must pass by before it is ready to harvest. If all that is done, if there is no drawing back, no fainting by the way, then in due season we shall reap!

This is spoken to the spiritual sower, whose seed sometimes waits years in the growing, and sometimes to our dim vision seems not to grow at all, but silently and surely the harvest is preparing, and we are to behold it with gladness, if we faint not.

It is easy to see how these converts at Galatia needed the exhortation; they had peculiar trials in the morning of our faith: the religion was new, the habits of mind it begat were new, the disciples lost caste and friendship with their heathen neighbors. Then the church was disturbed by the old law party trying to win them back from Paul.

Can you wonder that under the pressure of society, and this uncertainty as to the saving way, and the dread of persecution—that might come at any moment; can you wonder that they should grow weary, and though they were at first allured by the promises of the life to come, yet when they fell into this slough of despond, and were wallowing in the mire, would it be surprising if they made a desperate effort to get out, and went home—and Paul saw them no more?

But Paul himself had no better time of it than his own churches; if anything his burden was heavier than theirs, and his anxieties multiplied. He thrills us with a sense of his sufferings and perils—the stripes, rod-beating and stoning he received; the shipwreck and dangers of the sea; the perils of the city and the wilderness; the watchings and hunger and thirst, the cold and nakedness; and the daily care of the churches. If any might have grown weary, surely this was the man; but he remembers the Master who suffered more; he remembers the cloud of witnesses looking down on his deeds; he sees the reward reserved in heaven, and he says in the clearest tones that under no circumstance of difficulty or danger are we to be weary in well-doing.

Most of us early awaken to the sense of trust and responsibility in our living, we find we have talents demanding use. It is a joy to follow our natural bent, the love of the pursuit makes the labor easy and light. It is a poor spirit that gets in the way of calling work drudgery; rather where our duty lies is pleasure. To do the thing native to us is attractive—following the plow; buying and selling; teaching and studying; commanding or comforting; according to our gift is it a delight. Our work yields pleasure as the orchards the fragrance of their blossom. The proper presentation of the functions of thought and action is as an allurement, a blessed word spoken to us that makes music in our hearts.

But there is a field higher than this to which we are called. Men from the pressure of business and society must needs perform the services entitling them to the living of the years. This, however, is not enough for the advancement of the individual or the world. There is an ideal above necessity—a plane that calls for heroism and devotion—a giving up of one's self to well-doing beyond the

earning of the dollar or the spending of it. This is the crown and glory of life, and as we love our daily avocations, so should we love this spiritual unfolding and desire to stand by the brave, doing service for God as we must for man.

We like to read of heroes and the struggles and trials of their career. We like to see how their work inspired others, and was the foundation of the success and growth of the next age. Our admiration holds because they were useful, striving and valiant to the very end—following their ideal. We admire them because they were in "labors more abundant, in strifes above measure, in deaths oft." It hardly matters which form of heroism we choose—the soldier, missionary, discoverer, inventor, reformer or preacher, where there is well-doing of a high sort—there is the quickening of our enthusiastic love.

But what of their pains and griefs, their worry and hardship, their self-denial and sacrifice? What of all this as part of the problem? Simply that it is just as natural as the thorn to the rose, and does not really impair the beauty of the rose.

To do well necessitates extra will and exertion, that may at times bring moments of weariness—but they do not last. It is pleasant to paint as a pastime, it amuses, but to be an artist calls for intense application, and the disappointment of ideals that uplift like the horizon toward which we walk. The same is true of any profession; it is the full growing that is at once admirable and hard. Yet it has its compensations in that the man becomes accustomed to its difficulties, and delights in them, as the sailor loves the buffetings of the sea. We pay for physical strength by hunting, boating and the like, because by thus roughing it strength is gained; and we are content to do the same spiritually. Like our Norse fathers we find our heaven in battle and the bravery we can show, and well-doing is well, because it demands heroism the wide world over.

There needs no hesitation of candor about this, because for easy-going people, the spiritually lame, who want wheeling from room to room—as though life were a great hospital—this is an invigorating and saving truth. Merely dreaming great purposes, makes the world "stale, flat and unprofitable" to us. Trying to overreach it in pleasure makes the feast of Solomon pall; and Byron turns cynical because delight and not duty is his watchword. Touch any enjoyment or passion that does not strive at well-doing in the true, manly way, and you have destroyed its pleasure. The apples of Sodom turn to ashes in the mouth. Try mainly for happiness and you miss it; make friends with duty, and joy walks with you, warming your heart, as that glad presence walked with the disciples to Emmaus. And here is the difference between selfishness and sacrifice, that one grows complaining and spiteful, and walks more and more in the shadows; while the other gains strength—and for tears has smiles, and for sorrow gladness, and for the burden the harp and the crown. The contrast of the two is that one is the day turning to the darkness of night, and the other is the night and its clouds turning to the glory and beauty of the day!

Well-doing then is our only true refuge and blessedness; it is the only unfoldment of life that will pay; it is the only thing that carries us triumphantly into the future. Good men have lived and bad men have died that we might know this. All the experiences of the years enforce it; we are to have an understanding of ourselves that will lead us to be touched with the dream of the poet and the aspiration of the saint. The real music and beauty of earth are for our common callings, and we are to enjoy the divine in the ordinary course of our living—in one word, we are to be of the Christian mind.

Now a noble beginning in this life is the confession of it as our aim. This would be conversion to some—to others it would be the discerning of the blind thoughts of their hearts. But a man needs to be called to this state of resolution, and he needs to put himself in line with others of the same mind—I mean that he should be a member of the church that speaks these sentiments and endeavors to

make them good in life. That gives choice, decision, and puts us on the side of right, that we may learn its requirements and follow it as our higher calling of honor. The sympathy of others seeking the same end is an immense gain and stimulus.

A man then means to be religious as he means to be useful and moral—he will have a grand aim and hold it as his constant companion. He keeps it in sight as the wise men did the star for their guiding. So long as this intention is bright—so long will his way be clear. There is an enthusiasm in the sight of the spiritual which makes weariness impossible. If one might put consciousness into a seed so that it might have thought of its flowering in June, one could see how happy would all its reachings for light and growth become. In the man is this understanding, and every simple duty thus enriches his nature with joy.

The danger of weariness lies in the disappointment that comes with much striving and seemingly little done. Our weaknesses come to the surface like weeds unless the ground is carefully watched. We may think we have too much sentiment for this rough world, or that our purpose is of slight importance, seeing how others neglect it and refuse to lend a hand in its accomplishment. If we begin this belittling process, we may grow weary—but we are to fight it as our worst enemy and the Judas of our peace. It is not so much what we are doing as our fidelity and willingness in the doing. And the good deed and word make their mark, the neighbor cheered, the child comforted, the poor wisely helped—is the best of life's bestowment. It does good to the worker—if it went no further—but it must circle like a stone dropped into the lake, that makes ring within ring. The service is good and cannot be hard if a man has faith in his faith.

We are to think not only of what we are doing, but also of what is being done for us—we are moulding character—and the difficulty of high attainment only shows its vast reach, and the need of a wider outlook. Our full reward is not to be here—nevertheless we are rewarded here—as any man can see who watches well-doing. We master faults, we make up our failings, we become sweeter and nobler in disposition; we learn to look charitably on others; we become interested in good for its own sake; we like to give and help and be our true selves—and this is reward of a celestial sort. Then we have the reward of influence—we help others by our attitude to the right, and by the words we let fall by the way. Franklin when a boy picked up an old, torn volume of "Essays To Do Good," which gave him such a turn of thinking as to direct his conduct through life, and made him set a greater value on the character of a doer of good than on any other kind of reputation. Think of the unconscious beauty of the charity of the good Samaritan and how it has come down the ages in golden grace. Many do what they can and make no fuss about it, and only their departure to the higher life tells how large a place they filled. They are rewarded by their influence. Then they are rewarded by the memory of their well-doing—and the afterglow is quite often as beautiful as the clear shining. The work of a Howard becomes honorable, the ministrations of a Florence Nightingale become a watchword of sweetness evermore.

The world grows better for the living and the dying of well-doers—till the vision is given of a good time coming when the family of earth shall be one in brotherhood and love as truly as the family in heaven.

Meanwhile for true workers there is this encouragement, that follows them like the stream the Israelites struck from the hard rock of their necessity—the mind is harvesting strength and skill and beauty.

I am assured of this by the light I see in the faces of men and women who have spent their lives in well-doing. I have been struck with it again and again, seeing the soul shine through their countenances like the light through cathedral windows, illuminating angel faces. Richer than the child features of innocence is the loveliness of the gentleness of age. You see at once such souls reap according to their sowing. Their characters shine like golden fruits on the tree of life—and these the husbandman cannot spare. If there is anything fairer than the rose in the garden or the star in the sky, it is the virtue in our hearts. And if anything is to last in the universe, and be worthy of preservation, it is the honesty, fidelity and love we have won. God must keep as his jewels the human graces crowned with the divine likeness. They are to be saved to the world—if there is any goodness in the heart of things.

"Let us then be up and doing,

With a heart for any fate;

Still achieving, still pursuing,

Learn to labor and to wait!"

The Home.

*Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things
in a religious way.*

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—He who wishes to serve God acceptably cultivates all his capacities to the best of his ability.
 MON.—The difference between love and mere sentiment will show itself as soon as we begin to act.
 TUES.—The motive-power in man is affection. What he loves he wills, and what he wills he performs.
 WED.—He who can most truly appreciate works of art is he who really owns them.
 THURS.—Our character is the complex of all that we love.
 FRI.—True charity never impoverishes.
 SAT.—There is no half-way resting place for humanity between good and evil. We are always sinking unless we are rising; going backward, unless we are pressing forward.

—Mary G. Chandler.

The Singing Trees in the Orchard.

White are the singing trees,
 And every breath of the breeze
 Scatters a drift of bloom
 And a honey-sweet perfume;
 While above and all around
 Is a gentle, murmuring sound.
 In this music, so low and sweet,
 Labor and pleasure meet;
 Every small minstrel goes home,
 And adds to the great yellow comb
 Stored for the mid-winter's feast,
 When the gift of the flowers has ceased.
 Hark to the singing trees,
 So full of blossoms and bees!

—Edith M. Thomas.

The Chipmunk.

Most interesting and amusing is it to watch the antics of the little chipmunk, especially in the undisturbed wilderness, where, as yet, he has not learned to fear man. While out on a hunting expedition in the Adirondacks one clear day during the autumn, I seated myself on the ground with my back to a boulder, watching for deer. I had been there but a few moments when I was aware of a pair of bright, twinkling eyes intently fixed on me. The possessor was a small chipmunk, partly concealed by the corner of the rock. At my movement in turning, with a rustle of the leaves and a frightened little bark, away he dashed behind the rock. Curiosity soon mastered him, however, and he cautiously approached from the other side, and at last leaped on the boulder behind me, chattering and capering about. Finally he summoned courage to inspect still more closely the strange looking creature in front of him, and leaped to my shoulder. This time the instinctive movement of my head was too much for him, and he scurried beneath the rock, not to emerge until the stranger had disappeared.

T. F. B.

The Trap-Door Spider.

The trap-door spider, which is remarkable for its constructive ability, is quite common in Southern California. It receives its name from the peculiar house, or nest, which it builds for itself.

It is found in clayey soil, as that is best adapted to its purpose. Often these trap-doors are built on a slope or hillside, where the spider burrows a shaft to a depth of from six to ten inches. This miniature shaft is then "curbed up," or lined with a silky, paper-like substance manufactured by the spider. The lid, or flap at the top, is composed of the same material, and is continuous at one side with the lining, thus forming a hinge on which it moves freely to open or close the entrance. The top of the lid is mostly covered with earth of the same kind as the surrounding soil, and so nicely does the lid fit when closed that scarcely a mark shows on the surface of the ground,

making it quite difficult to find one of these underground rooms. The difficulty of finding them, however, only adds to the pleasure of the novelty-seeker at discovering one; and many of these patiently wrought "dwellings" are dug up and carried away by those who desire to preserve the quaint nests as curiosities.

One of these nests, which came under my observation, was taken up entire and carried away with the occupant inside. It was laid down in such a position that the lid fell open. About a day later it was found that the sagacious spider had begun the construction of another lid on the side opposite the old one. This new one would, of course, remain closed as long as the nest was in this position.

The insects do not construct these nests for traps to catch their prey, but for places of concealment and for rearing their young. On the inside of the lid, near one side, are minute indentations which serve as a means of attachment for the spider's claws, when he wishes to pull the lid downward. Often when an intruder attempts to raise the lid, the cunning insect seizes it by these inside "door fastenings," and displays no small amount of strength in holding it shut.—W. W. Chapman, *Youth's Instructor*.

Lu's Banana.

I was sauntering along Broad street the other day when I saw a pleasant little street scene worthy of being recorded.

Two ragged newsboys were trying to sell the earlier editions of the afternoon papers, while a bootblack, with his box slung over his back, was keeping a keen lookout for possible customers. Meanwhile, the three boys kept up a running fire of street chaff, such as these Arabs delight in.

Presently a man, carrying a large bunch of fine bananas on his shoulder, passed close by. The motion of his body loosened one of the biggest and ripest, and it fell to the sidewalk. The man kept on, not noticing or caring for his loss.

The banana lay on the pavement for about half a minute. Then the bootblack spied it, and, with a cry of delight, ran over and picked it up.

The two newsboys saw him in the act, and in a moment were by his side, eyeing the prize greedily.

I drew closer and watched the little comedy with interest. At first I expected to see the bootblack eat the banana himself, and triumph over his less fortunate companions, and I was agreeably surprised to see him produce a pocket-knife and proceed to cut it into three pieces.

"Very generous," I said to myself. But then I noticed that one piece was considerably larger than either of the other two, and my admiration was somewhat dampened.

The others also noticed it, and one of them said:

"Huh! Jerry's got the best of this deal!"

Jerry heard the remark, but he grinned good-naturedly, and when the others had gone away with their share, he unslung his box, sat down on it, and looked shyly around him.

I followed the direction of his eyes, and presently saw a little girl, who looked to be about eight years of age, with a little faded shawl drawn around her thin form, and a most distressed look in her pinched face.

She had three or four boxes of matches in her hand, but appeared to lack courage to sell them.

"Say, Lu," said the bootblack, in a low voice.

The girl approached slowly and timidly.

"D'ye like bananas?"

The girl nodded her head vigorously.

"Then here's something for you."

"For me?" she asked, amazedly.

"Yes; I saved it for you."

The girl took it in her hand eagerly, and then paused with a sudden thought.

"Where's yours?" she asked.

"I don't care for bananas," said Jerry, springing up suddenly. "'Deed and double I don't. And I've had an apple, and a pear, and a peach, to-day. Black your boots, sir? Shine?"

He was off like a shot, leaving Lu with the piece of banana.
—Exchange.

Books and Authors.

John Fiske.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has for over thirty years been in itself a "People's University," happy those who have been guided by it into that higher culture, which, while waiting for a better definition, may be defined as a familiarity with the perennial and universal things of life, and an intimacy with noble minds. The *Atlantic Monthly* has been a reception room where the best of American authors have held popular levee. Here the western farmer boy, the country school teacher, the frontier mother and the ambitious artisan in the crowded city, enter unabashed, take the hand of their betters and are *edified* thereby, in the good old Saxon sense *built up*. The July number has already been commended. We wish further to call attention to it by commending the article by John Fiske on "The Century's Progress in Science." Our readers will be interested to know that this article was called forth by the centennial celebration of the Unitarian Church of Philadelphia, on which occasion it was delivered as an address. But this article has none of the transitory qualities of an address; it is a permanent contribution to the literature of science, a fine illustration of the marvelous clearness of this man's style, rather, the clearness, not of style, but of thought. Here in a dozen pages, is stated, with fascinating simplicity, the great triumphs of the great science century, not wanting in facts, never clogged by facts, but facts so marshalled as to bring out the splendid lesson of the century, the magnificent inspiration of science, the psychical and religious reassurance that is the reward of the fearless investigator, the absolutely open mind. The fine culmination of this lesson, in the closing paragraph, we have taken for our editorial motto this week.

This much for the magazine and for the article, one word more for the author, whose portrait is given on our title-page. We are glad that John Fiske applies himself to the unfolding of American history, and that he is doing it in such a way as to set the pace for future historians, and to necessitate the rewriting of much that passes as modern history, but we never cease to regret that he has been lost to a certain extent, on that account, from what seems to us the still more important field of research, the higher studies of evolution, the application of this great cosmic law, to the perplexing problems of life and the intricate realms of psychology, philosophy, morals and religion. We say, "lost to a certain extent." His contributions in these departments have, notwithstanding, been such as to make him one of the clearest helpers to the inquiring mind that we know of. To the many who inquire of us, in many ways, for light on what to them is the dark subject of religion, to those who have lost one faith, and are in search of another, our invariable answer is, read first of all, Fiske's "Destiny of Man" and his "Idea of God," then pick that which most attracts you from his essays found in "The Excursions of an Evolutionist," "Myth and Myth-makers," "The Unseen World." Lastly, if possible, master his "Cosmic Philosophy," and then look for more of this kind in the books of N. S. Shaler, David Starr Jordan, E. P. Powell, and others.

We hope the publishers will soon be able to give us this last essay and his helpful one on the "Origin of Evil," which, we believe, is not yet printed, in little books uniform with the "Destiny of Man," and then, begging the United States pardon, we hope the nation and the publishers will excuse him from his historical writings long enough for him to rewrite the "Cosmic Philosophy," simplifying it into one volume, bringing it up to date with special fullness upon the upper story topics that belong to the psychical realm.

The Color of Life.¹

The delicacy of Mrs. Meynell's little essays makes it difficult to characterize them. Their beauty is elusive; you think to express it in a phrase, and it escapes you utterly. Something of the closet clings about them and makes them studies rather than impressions, and studies that are not of the simple, lucid, open-air type. They show one nature and art as filtered through the mind of the writer, as thoughtful, serious, occasionally involved transcripts of an intellectual mood. Mrs. Meynell thinks about the things she has seen and heard—a most unusual accomplishment;—and she permits her mind to wander in what strange wild paths it will. Her fancy is as exquisite as orchids, and it finds expression in words that are music. In the nature essays, like "Cloud" and "Rushes and Reeds," she shows rare sensitiveness to beauty and rich poetic subtlety. Her English is lovely as carved ivory, chiseled and polished with infinite care. It is conscious of its own beauty. In its artfulness it suggests Pater's prose—in the care with which its rich harmonies have been produced. But it is always graceful, with something of the stately and whimsical grace of a minuet.

Nevertheless the essays have faults, though Mr. Coventry Patmore cannot discover them. Some of them are not composed, as a painter would say; they lack form and construction, break off suddenly upon a trivial point, and so seem unfinished. Even the admirable criticism of Eleonora Duse suffers from this defect, but it has the essential merit of perfect sympathy. Another critical essay, one that discusses Japanese art under the title of "Symmetry and Incident," invalidates itself through a lack of this quality. Yet it is upon this essay, which shows only the most superficial knowledge of its subject, that Mr. Patmore bestows his most extravagant adjectives. It requires a clearer perception, a closer sympathy to write upon the art of an alien race. The reflective essays, those which spring from some beauty in nature, are the most successful. There is caprice in them, which sometimes contorts its whim into undue importance, and again gives the charm of freshness and surprise to its vagrant fancy. But they are the work of a poet, these flowery wanderings, and it is enough to rejoice in their delicate fragrance and their exquisite imagery.

L. M.

A Book for the Times.²

To all students of history and morals, a book that deals with "Israel Among the Nations," is full of interest, for no people have played such a large part in the economy of human affairs. This book, by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, places before the reader, with a fullness never before attempted in a single volume, the "ins-and-outs" of the whole Jewish question.

The author approaches the subject from religious, national, economic, and social points of view, in a keenly scientific spirit. And if the reader is governed in his conclusions by the author of this work, whose broad knowledge, careful judgment and eminent fairness entitles him to be considered as an authority, his impressions of the Jew will differ very widely from the popular opinions. The chapter on the "Distribution of the Jews in different countries" will surprise most people, for as a rule, general information upon this subject is far from accurate. In the chapter on the Jewish genius referring to the Jews in the old world the author writes: "The six or seven million European Jews have furnished relatively more men of talent than the three-hundred million Catholic, Protestant and Greek Christians." This statement, startling as it may appear, is verified by a study of the great names in music, the drama, poetry, medicine, mathematics and philosophy.

¹The Color of Life. By Alice Meynell. Published by Way & Williams. Chicago. \$1.25.

²Israel Among the Nations, by Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu. A. C. McClurg & Co. \$1.75.

The weakness of the Jewish genius, the author holds, is in the lack of inventive capacity.

All the points which deal with the Jews in modern life, the current of the Jewish migration, commerce, citizenship, religion, are discussed in a truly rational and undogmatic spirit. The book is brimful of valuable information and suggestions, well indexed, easily read, a work that no public man can afford to be without.

BLINK BONNIE.

That Eurasian.³

To give to the world such a book as this is a terrible responsibility. If unwarranted by the facts, it is a great crime to perpetrate such an insinuation concerning a great people, and an important working out of modern life. If the facts warrant the book, then it becomes a solemn duty to so arrange them as to compel the hearing, command attention, arouse discussion and so bring about the agitation that will necessitate reform. Our attention was called to this book some months ago. We were so profoundly impressed by it, that we did not dare notice it until we had first secured the opinion of one who was competent to judge of the facts, and finally, through the publisher, secured an interview with the author, who turned out to be an old acquaintance, a gentleman whom we have known for twenty years, a man who knows whereof he speaks, whose acquaintance with British-India runs through for the most part of thirty-five years of his life.

"The Eurasians," as the word indicates, represent the mixed off-spring of European and Asiatic blood, the children for the most part of English fathers and Hindu mothers, the children of shame, who, in their very being, testify to the degradation of both father and mother in the estimation of their respective connections. These children, disowned by both races, form a most pitiable class of souls, oftentimes proud and aspiring, wickedly handicapped at birth. This book is an attempt to plead the case of these unfortunate children of lust on the paternal side, of yielding, unwise, over-trusting love on the maternal side. It is an exposure of one side of the Anglo-Indian life. The book, in purpose and matter, if not in method and form, deserves to become the Uncle Tom's Cabin of the people more to be pitied than the people of Mrs Stowe's "Uncle Tom" and "Eliza." The author's Indian experience enables him, not only to throw much light on the missionary, but also on the economic and industrial life of India. Perhaps the book is too much loaded down with "useful information," judged from a literary standpoint. But that it is a valuable book, and a timely one, a book which should be circulated by the thousands among the higher classes of England and by the hundreds of thousands of the residents of India, native and foreign, we do not hesitate to say. It should be translated in the vernacular of Hindu commenters and find free access to the Hindu reading public of every grade and faith.

In corroboration of the above estimate we append the following letter, written by a lady who has had extraordinary opportunities of studying the facts on the grounds:

My Dear Mr. Jones:

I have read with care the book, "That Eurasian."

It is the sort of book I have often wished some one would write.

From that point of view it is a plain, but not exaggerated statement of the situation.

Of course it does not set forth the benefits of English government to India in the great government school system or the forest reserve department, or the railway and telegraph and postal and public road and survey and irrigation and sanitary introductions, but all these do not disprove or make of none effect the injuries inflicted by universally recognized instruments of that same power; injuries which wound deeply and must leave lasting scars. Of all these, the most grave, to my mind, is the production—chiefly through vice—of a hybrid race, which is held in a humiliating relation, subject to the torture and congestion of all its sensibilities by ceaseless insults heaped from both sides.

This book tells the story, but if you think that the six years of varied experiences which have been my lot in that land would yield anything to your satisfaction, I shall be very glad to be useful to you.

Very faithfully,

WILLIMINA L. ARMSTRONG.

425 La Salle Avenue, May 23, 1896.

³ "That Eurasian," by Aleph Bey. F. Tennyson Neely, New York, publishers.

Notes and Comment.

Apropos of Mr. Du Maurier's new novel, a group of English wits were recently discussing the success of "Trilby" when Mr. Andrew Lang remarked that "Trilby" would never be to them what Jumbo had been.

The Yale faculty has shown great discrimination in electing as judges of the prize poem having for its subject something pertaining to history or art, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and Francis Fisher Browne, editor of *The Dial* and author of "Volunteer Grain."

General Sir Evelyn Wood, according to the *Illustrated London News*, has expressed the opinion that Mr. Crane's work, "The Red Badge of Courage," is quite the finest thing in that line that has ever been done, and that the intuitions of the boy who has never seen war are worth far more than the experiences of any writer known to him, even though he may have been in the thick of the fiercest battle.

Mr. R. K. Munkittrick, referring to the "unhappy author" in vain pursuit of a publisher says: "He is happy as he capers on the ever golden shore, where the Houghtons cease from Mifflin, and the Harpers harp no more."

Mr. Munkittrick himself has come west in pursuit of a publisher, and Way & Williams will issue this fall in a fitting form a collection of his humorous verses, under the title, "The Acrobatic Muse."

The Bookman for July, an unusually good number, tells us that "Mrs. J. M. Fielding, wife of the novelist's grandson, has undertaken a revised and expurgated edition of 'Tom Jones' to meet the requirements of modern readers. It will be interesting to note the reception accorded to the volume when it is published. A biography of Fielding will be appended. Tom Jones bowdlerised! Ye gods, think of it!" One is glad to possess this famous classic as the author left it, and with Cruikshank's illustrations added. Gibbon called it an "exquisite picture of human manners" that "will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the Imperial Eagle of Austria." And Thackeray adds that "to have your name mentioned by Gibbon, is like having it written on the dome of St. Peter's."

The death of Mrs. Stowe naturally causes a demand for her remarkable writings, which rank her among the great American authors of all time. Fortunately her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., have for some time been engaged in preparing an entirely new and definitive edition of her works. It will be in the general style of their Riverside Editions of Standard Authors, to consist of sixteen volumes, which will include her phenomenal "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and other novels, Short Stories, Poems, Household Papers, and Stories for Young People.

The first volume will have a biographical sketch, and all the volumes are to be thoroughly edited and furnished with notes when necessary. Each of the volumes will have a frontispiece and a vignette, including several portraits, views of Mrs. Stowe's homes, and other interesting designs. The edition will, in short, be as nearly perfect in all respects as it can be made. There is to be a limited large-paper edition, produced with especial care, and each set will contain Mrs. Stowe's autograph, written by her expressly for this purpose a few months ago, and written in a beautiful, clear style, quite remarkable for one of her years. The *Atlantic* for August will contain some delightful reminiscences of Mrs. Stowe, by Mrs. James T. Fields.

It is related that the late Walter Pater, once staying at a friend's house, excused himself by saying that he wished to retire to his room to do his usual day's work. Emerging therefrom three hours later he was found to have composed just three lines.

For the following we are indebted to Mr. Carl Friedman of the *Buffalo Courier*, who, in turn, acknowledges his indebtedness to *Footlights*: "Here is a story of temperament which made the ordinary life of a college tutor not wholly congenial to Walter Pater: 'On one occasion, at the examination for scholarship, he undertook to look over the English essays. When the examiners met to compare marks Pater had none. As something had to be done he was asked to endeavor to recall such impressions as he had formed. To stimulate his memory the names were read out in alphabetical order. Pater shook his head mournfully as each was pronounced, murmuring dreamily, 'I do not recall him. He did not strike me,' and so on. At last the reader came to the name of Sanctuary, upon which Pater's face lit up, and he said, 'Yes, I remember I liked his name.' There is a similar story, also concerned with a Brasenose examination for scholarship. Among the candidates was one called Gaby. When his name was read out Pater smiled somewhat dolefully, remarking, 'I could not vote for Gaby. I have a presentiment that if elected he would become my pupil.'"

A 16-page
Weekly.

THE NEW UNITY

\$2.00 per
Annum.

...PUBLISHED FOR...

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY,

—BY—

WAY & WILLIAMS, SUITE 1649-50-51 THE MONADNOCK,
CHICAGO.

EDITORIAL MANAGEMENT.

Named by the Executive Committee of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies and approved by the Directors of the Unity Publishing Company.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES, MANAGING EDITOR.

HIRAM W. THOMAS, Chairman,
R. A. WHITE,
CAROLINE J. BARTLETT,

EMIL G. HIRSCH,
A. N. ALCOTT,

E. P. POWELL,
JOSEPH STOLZ,
A. W. GOULD.

Remittances should be made payable to Way & Williams, and should be by express money order, post office money order, draft, check on *Chicago* bank or registered letter. The date following your name on your paper's "yellow label" will show the date to which your remittance has paid. No other receipt is given unless stamp is sent.

Discontinuances.--Subscribers wishing *THE NEW UNITY* stopped at the expiration of their subscriptions should notify us to that effect; otherwise we shall consider it their wish to have it continued.

Changes of Address.--When a change of address is desired, both the new and the old address must be given and notice sent one week before the change is desired.

All Letters concerning the Publishers' Department should be addressed to WAY & WILLIAMS, The Monadnock, Chicago, Ill.

Editorial.--All matter for the Editorial Department should be addressed to Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Chicago Post Office.

The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

The City Street.

See the sad ones that wander
Adown the city street,
Where the tides of pain and passion
Ne'er cease their solemn beat;
What clamor of the hungry!
Hear ye their hollow cry?
"Bread, for the love of heaven!
Bread, brothers, or we die!"

Oh, heedless ones who hurry
Adown the crowded street,
Laughing in the faces
Of the stricken ones they meet!
Doling crumbs for charity,
For self, outpouring gold;
Ah, the mocking tragedies
A city street doth hold!

Who cometh yonder, calmly
Adown the city street?
No mirthless clamor follows
The coming of his feet;
Not heedless he of anguish,
Of sin or pain or pride,
The beggars need no courage
To press close to his side.

No glistening garments robe him,
A seamless garb he wears;
No coronet adorns him,
His crown, the great world's cares;
Mighty is he but lowly,
His smile so heavenly sweet
The little children welcome
The coming of his feet.

Oh, gracious man of heaven,
Teach us to walk like thee,
That sin and sorrow's shadows
At our approach may flee!
Into thy ways of kindness,
Turn thou our wayward feet,
Then shall we carry blessing
Adown the city street.

—Ada M. Melville, *Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

FELLOWSHIP.--The Rev. W. A. Pratt of Colorado Springs, Colo., and Rev. G. S. Anderson having satisfied the committee on fellowship of their fitness for the Unitarian ministry, are hereby commended to our ministers and churches. D. M. Wilson, chairman; D. W. Morehouse, secretary.

UNIVERSALISM.--The forty-ninth annual session of the convention of Wisconsin was held during the last week in June. Rev. A. C. Grier and the RACINE parish acted as hosts. Good-fellowship characterized all the pleasant meetings. The reports showed the contributions for state work larger than formerly and there were more settled pastors in the state than in any year during the last decade.

ROMAN CATHOLIC.--Referring to the prospects of the summer school at Madison, beginning July 19, Dr. McLoughlin, the secretary, says instead of an attendance of 1,200 the coming season will register a membership of more than 4,000. Preparations are being made on an extensive scale for a most profitable and enjoyable season of study and sociability. Hotel rates from \$1.50 to \$3 per day; board in private families \$5 to \$7 per week. * * Col. John R. Fellows, of NEW YORK CITY, a non-Catholic, who was last year granted the LL.D. degree by Notre Dame, has presented \$5,000 to the faculty, the income of which is to be devoted to the education of some poor but deserving student.

CHICAGO.--The following are the articles of organization of the Independent Liberal Society of Chicago, whose pastoral charge has recently been accepted by Mrs. Celia P. Woolley.

This society is formed for the following and other kindred purposes:

1. To establish reason and conscience as final authorities in matters of religious belief.
2. To revere as religious prophets all persons who have taught their fellow-beings truth, righteousness and love.
3. To foster the growing nobility of mankind.
4. To promote the social, moral and intellectual welfare of its members and to aid and encourage philanthropic and humanitarian efforts.

TROY, N. Y.--The services of the Unitarian Church of this city ended June 28 for the summer months. Rev. E. M. Fairchild, who has been connected with the church for two years, was obliged to discontinue his pastorate. In the fall he will become associated with Prof. Felix Adler of New York City. The work which Mr. Fairchild has done during the time he was in Troy cannot be too well appreciated. With great earnestness he undertook the task of organizing a church that would

be of use to society, and accomplished good results. The Children's School of Ethics and Religion, the Young People's Class in Ethics, and the Young People's Personal Development Club have all been of great value.

During the last ten weeks of session the class in ethics has been studying Muirhead's Elements of Ethics under Miss Mary S. Cutler, of the State Library. This has been a marked improvement in the course of study.

Dr. Brundage of Albany will probably occupy the pulpit occasionally when the church reopens in September.

LOTTIE WALE.

MANLY, IOWA.--We are always pleased to receive *UNITY*, and look Field Notes over to see what others are doing while we appear to stand still. We have followed the example of others by holding cottage meetings every third Sunday afternoon and find them very interesting. Our Sunday school every Sunday morning is generally well attended by all our own members. Occasionally a few curious visitors come in, and when leaving say the lessons were interesting, but why don't you have a preacher sometimes? I think sometimes people compare preachers and doctors on a balance. They ought to come when sent for, and pay is a secondary consideration. Everyone knows that what a farmer can raise is sold for so low a price that it takes all to keep the wolf from the door. We hold our little building free and open (as requested by our friends of Unity Church, Brooklyn) to all other denominations to use when they wish for any advancement of truth. We have lost one dear friend in Mr. Pickford. His home was at Portland, Cerro Gordo county, but we often heard his cheering words of perseverance for the truth and the right. Many years ago in England, when Rev. Page Hopps delivered about his first lecture he remarked he would like to see the brilliancy that would follow his sermons, and he realized considerable pleasure reading his sermons, and Rev. Savage's sermon was often relished better than a meal of victuals.

BICYCLISTS SHOULD

USE **POND'S EXTRACT**

CURES

**Wounds, Bruises,
Sunburn, Sprains,
Lameness, Insect Bites,
and ALL PAIN.**

**After hard WORK or
EXERCISING rub with it
to AVOID LAMENESS.**

**REFUSE SUBSTITUTES
—Weak, Watery, Worthless.**

**POND'S EXTRACT OINTMENT
cures PILES.** Sent by mail
for 50c.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 76 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Tower Hill Summer School of Literature.

For Teachers, Students, Lawyers, Doctors, Mothers, Fathers, and Busy People Generally.

It is proposed this year to make the Annual Tower Hill Summer School a special Institute of Modern Literature, with a view of discovering the life-helping, the intellectual, moral and spiritual resources found in Modern Literature. To make these helps available to the non-professional, the busy workers of every kind, special attention will be given to the needs of teachers, parents and those who have the training of the young.

It will not be a study about Poetry and Fiction, but a study of Poetry and Fiction. No time will be wasted on "methods or forms," but attention will be given to the thing, the Master Pieces.

Jenkin Lloyd Jones, "Lecturer in English" of the University of Chicago, will have charge of the school. The first course will consist of one week's work on the Prophets of Modern Literature.

The regular work will consist of an introductory lecture in the evening at 8 p. m., followed by special readings, interpretations and conversations on the same author at the following morning session.

The following will be the authors considered: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Robert Browning, George Elliot, James Russell Lowell, Henrik Ibsen and Walt Whitman.

In the afternoon Mr. Jones will lead in a series of conversations on the "Universals of Morals and Religion," with an inquiry as to how far morals and religion can be taught in our public schools without violating the religious rights of any tax-payers.

OUTLINE.

- The sanctions paid in:
- (a) Nature.

(b) Human Nature.

(c) Literature.

(d) History.

(e) The Individual Soul.
- A Universal Religion as applied:
- (a) in the Home.

(b) in the Occupation.

(c) in the State.

(d) in the Church.
- The school will open by a sermon on

Sunday, August 9, at 2:30 p. m., continuing through the week, and closing with the Annual Grove Meeting, August 16.

A second week's work, devoted exclusively to the writings of George Elliot, or to Henrik Ibsen, will be given, if a sufficient number request it.

TERMS:

Registration fee.....	\$1.00
Board (at Tower Hill Dining Hall) single meals 25 cents; per week.....	3.50
Room in "Long House" for two with necessary furnishing, per week.....	3.00
Accommodation in tents with a cot (campers to bring their own bedding), per week.....	1.00
Tower Hill buck board will meet trains at Spring Green, fare to and from train25
Trunks25

Literature is the universal language of life, the poets speak to all sects, classes and ages.

The undersigned committee of patrons are pledged to do all in their power to make the occasion one profitable to head and heart, as well as a happy outing, and rest time, and they earnestly ask the co-operation of the public school teachers of Richland, Sauk and Iowa counties and adjoining territory.

Committee	EMMA C. UNDERWOOD, Sup't. of Schools of Iowa County.
	LLOYD-JONES SISTERS, of Hillside Home School.
Committee	ALICE BALL LOOMIS, Richland Center, Wis.
	C. J. JENKS, Dodgeville, Wis.
Committee	ARTHUR JONES, Dodgeville, Wis.
	E. W. EVANS, Spring Green, Wis.
Committee	JOHN E. MAYEN, Spring Green, Wis.
	JAMES BARNARD, Spring Green, Wis.
Committee	J. W. REWEY, Rewey, Wis.
	B. B. JACKSON, Sup't. of Public Schools, Ashland, Wis.
Committee	VAN A. EVANS, Spring Green, Wis.
	Chairman.
Committee	THOMAS R. LLOYD JONES, Hillside.
	RICHARD L. JONES, Tower Hill, Spring Green.

cause it was natural. Her western readers—that is the majority of her neighbors—said they thought she was kind of degrading herself by writing about people who were poor. They could not see that the charm of her work was in the very naturalness to which they objected. It was like the case of a certain man who had started a paper. One of Mrs. Peattie's neighbors, a queer old party, told her of this man, and wondered as he told her.

"He was a common fellow," he said. "Just a common fellow who never did anything grand and who didn't even take the Latin course at the high school. He got hold of this paper and we all laughed at a man like that running a paper. Well, he started in and he would write about our little town happenings and he wrote them the commonest way—just the way they occurred, you know. Blamed if you couldn't just see Milt Woodard's dog with the can on his tail running down the street as you read in this fellow's paper how it had happened. Told about Skinner's trial for stealing a ham, and it was all there, just the plainest of writing you ever saw—all there. Joe O'Neill's specs and Dave Oliver, the constable, and the way they acted. And not a long word in it, and no foreign languages or anything graceful. Just the dog-gonedest, quiet, common—that's it—common—that's the word. Just the commonest way of telling a thing you ever saw, and we all read the paper and wondered how we came to do it. Funniest thing. I hear that fellow has made three or four books and is living in Mexico, and the literary people fairly rant about him. I picked up one of his books once and it made me mad. It was the same old thing—little fool sights that anyone would see and written just common. I don't see any sense to that. I read the whole thing through one night without waiting for supper. It was dreadfully disappointing.

—Carl Smith in Chicago Record.

Catherine Brooks Yale, the author of "Nim and Cum," has a very winged fancy that skits the wild world o'er to do her bidding. Her imagination is seen at its best in the first sketch, "Nim and Cum," who are two sky-born personages keeping tryst over two mountain peaks. One suspects that they are nicknamed from *Nimbus* and *Cumulus*. Whatever their full names are, they are full of sprightly originality. They fan themselves a bit, and our prosaic nether world reports a hurricane; they take a drink out of the Big Dipper, and our literary newspapers chronicle a flood. Not content with these metaphorical antics, they pull out the North Pole and use it for a fishing-rod, to which they attach the equinoctial line. Their tackle is completed by bending a meridian into a fish-hook. Their sportive games are terrestrially recorded as an earthquake, and the result of their fishing, a wrecked steamer. Finally Nim and Cum get hungry and roast the Great Bear over the crater of Vesuvius. The gallant Nim takes down the Big Dipper from the sky, punches holes in it and skims the Milky Way. He adds a handful of ice from the Frigid Zone and carries a fine dish of ice-cream to Cum for her dessert. The author of these tales can surely do something entirely new in allegorical lines. The rest of the stories are far below the rank of the first, although the frog's recitative is the best thing we have seen in its own line. (Published by Way & Williams.)—*The Critic*.

I am part of all that I have met,
Yet all experience is an arch where through
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin
fades
Forever and forever when I move.

—Tennyson.

Ill Tempered Babies

are not desirable in any home. Insufficient nourishment produces ill temper. Guard against fretful children by feeding nutritious and digestible food. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the most successful of all infant foods.

Acknowledgements.

THE HELEN HEATH FRESH AIR FUND.

To secure a fortnight's country outing to over-worked women and girls upon whose strength depends not only their own but others' support, seven dollars pays the expenses of one woman, ten dollars of one woman and child.

Amounts received to July 1, 1896.

C. J. Weiser and mother, Decora, Ia.....	\$7.00
Mrs. M. H. Hoyt, Kalamazoo, Mich.....	10.50
Mr. F. D. Patterson, Chicago.....	10.50
Jas. W. Ellsworth, Chicago.....	12.00
Dr. Willoughby Walling, Chicago.....	10.00
George R. Peck, Chicago.....	25.00
From Mrs. William Kent on behalf of the charitable section of All Souls Church.....	40.00
From the entertainment by the children in Miss Putman's room of the Melville Fuller School...	10.15
Total.....	\$125.15

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE CALAMITY FUND, CHURCH OF THE UNITY, ST. LOUIS:

Previously acknowledged.....	\$1,898 61
Unity Church and Sunday school, Hinsdale, Ill.....	40 00
Rev. M. J. Miller and family, Geneseo, Ill.....	50 00
Young Ladies' Society, Unitarian Church, Santa Barbara, Cal.....	50 00
Oakes A. Ames, North Easton,	

Mass	50 00
Mrs. M. H. Sprague, Alton, Ill.....	5 00
Myron Leonard, Chicago.....	5 00
First Unitarian Society, Madison, Wis	20 00
John Bacon, Louisville, Ky.....	50 00
James B. Speed, Louisville, Ky.....	25 00
Rev. Russell N. Bellows, Walpole, N. H.	5 00
Rev. Thos. R. Slicer, Buffalo, N. Y.	20 00
Miss A. R. Faulkner and Miss A. L. Faulkner, Santa Barbara, Cal.....	20 00
Sunday school, Unitarian Church, Duluth, Minn.....	10 00
Rev. Cella P. Woolley, Geneva, Ill.	5 00
First Congregational Church, Cincinnati, O.....	105 00
Unitarian Church, Rochester, N. Y.	90 00
Dr. C. A. Bartol, Boston.....	100 00
John C. Haynes, Boston.....	25 00
Total.....	\$2,573 61

Through the committee of All Souls Church, Chicago, additional:

Mrs. Rose A. Forrester.....	1 00
Mrs. M. H. Garrison.....	1 00
Mrs. Anna Harris.....	1 00
Mrs. T. B. Brown.....	1 00
Mrs. Dean Bangs.....	1 00
Mrs. W. H. Wilder.....	2 00
Dwight Perkins.....	5 00
Mrs. Carrie B. Gilbert.....	1 00
Mrs. Ingwersen.....	50
C. Berwick (Monterey, Cal.).....	26
Evelyn Walker.....	2 00
D. M. Lord.....	5 00
Mrs. W. B. Candee.....	1 00
Mrs. C. Mugridge.....	50
Mrs. Fidella Kneeland.....	50
Mrs. Israel Holmes.....	5 00
Total.....	27 76
Total.....	\$2,601 37

Mrs. Peattie.

Mrs. Peattie was never understood. When she developed a mental negative the photograph was all the more resented be-

At Druggists.

Is the name of the Northern Pacific's new tourist book for 1896. The cover design will prove a happy surprise to lovers of the artistic and its illustrations will be fully up to the standard of its predecessors. One of its principal characters recounts a hunt after the well known, yet rare, Rocky Mountain or White Goat, made by the author in September, 1895, in the defiles of the Bitter Root Range. One at all inclined to big game hunting will want to read about that hunt. An account of a trip through Yellowstone Park on horseback will also prove interesting. Six cents in stamps sent to Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., will secure the book.

MADE ONLY BY THE
Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y.

—John Jerome Rooney.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind.

The Am. Cong. of Lib. Rel. Soc00
Report of Proceedings of the First Am. Cong. of Lib. Rel. Soc20

Prince Wolkonsky's

...Addresses...

(ONLY A FEW REMAIN.)

112 pages, neatly bound in white embossed paper cover....

Price Reduced to 25c.

Sent postpaid on receipt of price by

THE NEW UNITY,

THE MONADNOCK,

CHICAGO.

Announcements.

The Fraternity of Liberal Religious Societies in Chicago.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent) Central Music Hall. N. D. Hillis, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23rd street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

At MASONIC HALL, 276 Fifty-seventh Street. Rev. W. W. Fenn preaches each Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner of Warren avenue and Robey street. T. B. Gregory, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIENDS' SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenæum Building, 18 Van Buren street. Jonathan W. Plumber, Minister.

INDEPENDENT LIBERAL CHURCH, Martine's Academy, 333 Hampden Court, Lake View. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ISAIAH TEMPLE (Jewish) Oakland Club Hall, Ellis Avenue and 39th Street, Joseph Stolz, Minister.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33rd street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Johannot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER MEMORIAL CHURCH (Universalist), Sheridan avenue and 64th street. Sunday services 11 A. M. and 8 P. M.; Sunday School, 9:30 A. M.; Young People's Christian Union, 7 P. M. Devotional Meeting, Wednesdays at 8 P. M. Rev. Frederick W. Miller, Minister; residence, The Colonial, 6325 Oglesby avenue.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

Yellowstone Park

Is more and more impressing itself upon the public, as the years go by, as being the GREAT PARK of the land. The strong feature of it is the fact that it is not a man made park. True enough man has built roads and bridges and hotels in order that he may see the Park, but he has not yet tried his hand at constructing new fangled Geysers, or re-adorning or re-sculpturing the Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone. These are as God left them. There, too, the elk, bear, deer and other animals are not inclosed in wire fences. They wander free and unfretted whithersoever they will. Man's handiwork is but little seen and the Park is the grander for it. Send Chas. S. Fee, General Passenger Agent, Northern Pacific Railroad, six cents for Wonderland '96, and read about the Park.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

STEWART AVENUE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laflin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union park

LIBERAL BOOK ROOMS OF THE HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE LIBERAL CONGRESS, Unitarian and other Activities. 175 Dearborn St., Room 93. Open Daily.

Summer Homes.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Nearly all are located on or near lakes which have not been fished out. These resorts are easily reached by railway and range in variety from the "full dress for dinner" to the flannel-shirt costume for every meal. Among the list are the names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest road in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. A description of the principal resorts, with list of summer hotels and boarding houses, and rates for board, will be sent free on application to F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Pass. Agent, Chicago, Ill.

THE FEDERALIST,

A MONTHLY JOURNAL

Published in the Interest of the Religious Federation

An Aggressive, Constructive Religious Journal.
An Exponent of the Circuit Plan in Liberal Work.

George Brayton Penney, Editor.
Lewis J. Duncan, Associate.

Specimen copies will be sent for three months to those wishing to examine this unique publication. Subscription \$1. Address

The Federalist Publishing Co., Streator, Ill.

Climax Dish Washer.

FREE



We lead them all. See our list of testimonials. Best Machine made. More of them being sold. The verdict of the people has been given, they will have the Climax. They can't get along without it. Agents wanted, Men or Women. All can be convinced by reading testimonials from hundreds of people, and experience of Agents now in the work. You can get full particulars by writing the . . .

Climax Mfg. Co.
COLUMBUS, - OHIO

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

THE ORIGINAL FAST LINE

BETWEEN

CHICAGO
DUBUQUE
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS
DES MOINES
ST. JOSEPH
KANSAS CITY

F. H. LORD, G. P. & T. A., CHICAGO.

JUST OUT.

The Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry.'s book of Summer Tours showing routes and rates to the eastern resorts. One of the handsomest publications of this character ever issued. Send free on application to C. K. Wilber, A. G. P. A., Chicago. City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St.

Special reduced rates to Buffalo and return

via the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Ry., July 5th and 6th. Extreme return limit September 1st. Stop at Chautauqua on return trip if desired. A splendid opportunity to visit Niagara Falls. Circular giving full information will be sent on application to C. K. Wilber, A. G. P. A., Chicago, or can be secured by calling at City Ticket Office, 180 Clark St.

Yours for Health

The Salt River Valley
of Arizona
and the various health resorts in New Mexico.

are unrivalled for the cure of chronic lung and throat diseases. Pure, dry air; an equable temperature; the right altitude; constant sunshine.

Descriptive pamphlets, issued by Passenger Department of Santa Fe Route, contain such complete information relative to these regions as invalids need.

The items of altitude, temperature, humidity, hot springs, sanatoriums, cost of living, medical attendance, social advantages, etc., are concisely treated.

Physicians are respectfully asked to place this literature in the hands of patients who seek a change of climate.

Address, G. T. NICHOLSON,
CHICAGO. G. P. A., A. T. & S. F. Ry.

YOU WILL REALIZE THAT "THEY LIVE WELL WHO LIVE CLEANLY," IF YOU USE

SAPOLIO